

**POEMS**

**BY**

**J. G. WHITTIER.**

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JOHN G. WHITTIER'S POEMS.

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For several years previous to Lincoln's election to the Presidency, Henry B. Rankin was a student in the office of Lincoln and Herndon, having abundant opportunity to observe Lincoln's reading. In his "Personal Recollections of Lincoln" Mr. Rankin gives a list of authors whose writings Mr. Lincoln particularly enjoyed, and included Whittier in the list.

*H. E. Barker*



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Edward W. Webster





## THE MORNING DREAM.\*

BY COWPER.

'Twas in the glad season of spring,  
Asleep, at the dawn of the day,  
I dream'd what I cannot but sing,  
So pleasant it seem'd as I lay.

I dream'd that on ocean afloat,  
Far hence to the westward I sail'd,  
While the billows high lifted the boat,  
And the fresh blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerage a woman I saw—  
Such at least was the form that she wore—  
Whose beauty impressed me with awe,  
Ne'er taught me by woman before.

She sat, and a shield at her side  
Shed light like a sun on the waves,  
And smiling divinely, she cried,  
'I go to make freemen of slaves.'—

Then raising her voice to a strain,  
The sweetest that ear ever heard,  
She sung of the slave's broken chain,  
Wherever her glory appeared.

\* In explanation of the Plate.

Some clouds which had over us hung,  
Fled, chased by her melody clear ;  
And methought, while she liberty sung,  
'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,  
To a slave-cultured island we came,  
Where a demon, her enemy, stood,  
Oppression his terrible name.

In his hand, as a sign of his sway,  
A scourge hung with lashes he bore,  
And stood looking out for his prey,  
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land,  
That angel-like woman he view'd,  
The scourge he let fall from his hand,\*  
With the blood of his subjects imbru'd.

I saw him both sicken and die,  
And the moment the monster expired,  
Heard shouts that ascended the sky,  
From thousands with rapture inspired.

Awaking, how could I but muse.  
At what such a dream should betide ?  
But soon my ear caught the glad news,  
Which served my weak thought for a guide ;

That Britannia, renown'd o'er the waves,  
For the hatred she ever has shown  
To the black-sceptred rulers of slaves,  
Resolves to have none of her own.

1788.

\* See Frontispiece.





# POEMS

WRITTEN DURING THE PROGRESS

OF THE

ABOLITION QUESTION

IN THE

UNITED STATES,

BETWEEN THE YEARS

1830 AND 1838.

BY

John G. Whittier.

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BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY ISAAC KNAPP,  
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1837.

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## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

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THE Editor has been induced to collect the fugitive pieces which compose this little volume, by observing the care with which they have been sought for and preserved, long after the events which gave rise to them have passed. This gives him to know that they are not *merely* occasional poems, but true poetry ;—the germs of great deeds, cast forth into ‘ the seed-field of opinion.’

The wish to bind them together is strengthened in the editor’s mind by the knowledge that the author is himself but too careless of preserving their form, as long as their spirit is kindling up in the community.

Those who have read Mogg Megone will see in them the same easy strength of versification ;

the same thrilling correspondence of sound to sense—the same electrifying *estro* joined to high and powerful conceptions of moral beauty and sublimity, which have become thus strong and exalted, because the writer ‘lives as a life what he apprehends as a truth.’ \*

It is to be regretted, as a loss to American Literature, that one so highly gifted as a poet should devote so little time to poetic labors. But he may derive satisfaction from the idea, that his labors for the honor of our nation, in a far nobler sense, will ultimately give freedom and life to her literature—now withering beneath the soul-enslaving censorship of a public, who exact of an author that he shall not *unreservedly* name the very name of Freedom.

Alas for eloquence, poetry and piety, when the orator, yielding his soul to the management of covetousness and oppressive ambition, is compelled to check the indignant burst of soul with which, in his childhood and youth, he had learned to speak of traffic in slaves †:—and when the poet and

\* R. W. Emerson.

† Speech of Hon. Peleg Sprague in Faneuil Hall—‘I mean, Sir, the *foreign* slave trade!’



the preacher alike are dragged at the chariot-wheels of a SLAVEHOLDING REPUBLIC.

A kindly and generous spirit, filled like that of Whittier, 'with all gentleness and calmest hope,' makes a sacrifice of its most cherished delights and occupations when it springs to the defence of the difficult pass which commands the battle-field of Christian Freedom, with the determination to defend it unto blood, and yet *to shed none*.

Except in this difference of opinion as to the mode of effecting deliverance from oppression, Whittier is the Korner of America.\*

\* How many hearts among the American Abolitionists, beat in sympathy with the feelings thus expressed by the Hero-poet of Germany :

'Let me prove a worthy son of my Father-land. Now, when I know how far this world's happiness can reach; now, when all the stars of good fortune shine over me, fair and propitious; now is it by my God, a noble spirit which stirs in me; now do I give a mighty proof that no offering is too great for man's highest blessing—the Freedom of his Country! The great moment calls for great hearts; and within me do I feel the power to be a rock amidst this raging of the waves of nations. I must away—and throw my breast with fearless force against this storm of seas. *Shall I be cowardly content with my Lyre to arouse my conquering brothers, by sounding after them songs of triumph?* No. I know what anx-

To those in whose hearts and in whose memories these poems are treasured, the editor offers this little book with peculiar pleasure : while he trusts that it will meet many an eye, and touch many a heart, yet unaware of the extent, the power, or the beauty of abolition principles.

ious fears thou must suffer for me; I know how my mother will weep! God comfort her! I cannot spare you this sorrow. That I offer up my life is no great thing; but that this life is twined with all the flower-wreaths of friendship, happiness and love; and that *thus* I offer it: That I fling behind me the dear pleasure given by the feeling that I had caused you no trouble, no pain;—*THIS is an* offering to be weighed against Freedom alone!’

KORNER—*Letter to his Father.*

**POEMS BY WHITTIER.**



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## TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

CHAMPION of those who groan beneath  
Oppression's iron hand :  
In view of penury, hate and death,  
I see thee fearless stand.  
Still bearing up thy lofty brow,  
In the steadfast strength of truth,  
In manhood sealing well the vow  
And promise of thy youth.

Go on!—for thou hast chosen well ;  
On in the strength of God !  
Long as one human heart shall swell  
Beneath the tyrant's rod.  
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,  
As thou hast ever spoken,  
Until the dead in sin shall hear—  
The fetter's link be broken !

I love thee with a brother's love,  
I feel my pulses thrill,  
To mark thy spirit soar above  
The cloud of human ill.

My heart hath leaped to answer thine,  
 And echo back thy words,  
 As leaps the warrior's at the shine  
 And flash of kindred swords!

They tell me thou art rash and vain—  
 A searcher after fame—  
 That thou art striving but to gain  
 A long enduring name—  
 That thou hast nerved the Afric's hand,  
 And steeled the Afric's heart,  
 To shake aloft his vengeful brand,  
 And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and read  
 Thy mighty purpose long!  
 And watched the trials which have made  
 Thy human spirit strong?  
 And shall the *slanderer's demon breath*  
 Avail with one like me,  
 To dim the *sunshine of my faith*,  
 And earnest trust in thee?

Go on—the dagger's point may glare  
 Amid thy pathway's gloom—  
 The fate which sternly threatens there,  
*Is glorious martyrdom!*  
 Then onward with a *martyr's zeal*—  
 Press on to thy reward—  
 The hour when man shall only kneel,  
 Before his Father—God.

## TO THE MEMORY OF CHAS. B. STORRS,

LATE PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.

‘He fell a martyr to the interests of his *colored brethren*. For many months did that mighty man of God apply his discriminating and gigantic mind to the subject of Slavery and its remedy: and, when his soul could no longer contain his holy indignation against the upholders and apologists of this unrighteous system, he gave vent to his aching heart, and poured forth his clear thoughts and holy feelings in such deep and soul-entrancing eloquence, that other men, whom he would fain in his humble modesty acknowledge his superiors, sat at his feet and looked up as children to a parent.’—*Correspondent of the ‘Liberator,’ 16th of 11th mo. 1833.*

THOU hast fallen in thine armor—

Thou martyr of the Lord!—

With thy last breath crying—‘Onward’!

And thy hand upon the sword.

The haughty heart derideth,

And the sinful lip reviles,

But the blessing of the perishing

Around thy pillow smiles!

When to our cup of trembling  
 The added drop is given—  
 And the long-suspended thunder  
 Falls terribly from Heaven,—  
 When a new and fearful freedom  
 Is proffered of the Lord  
 To the slow-consuming famine—  
 The Pestilence and Sword!—

When the refuges of Falsehood  
 Shall be swept away in wrath,  
 And the temple shall be shaken  
 With its idol to the earth,—  
 Shall not thy words of warning  
 Be all remembered then?  
 And thy now unheeded message  
 Burn in the hearts of men?

Oppression's hand may scatter  
 Its nettles on thy tomb,  
 And even Christian bosoms  
 Deny thy memory room—  
 For lying lips shall torture  
 Thy mercy into crime,  
 And the slanderer shall flourish  
 As the bay-tree for a time.

But, where the South-wind lingers  
 On Carolina's pines—  
 Or, falls the careless sunbeam  
 Down Georgia's golden mines—

Where now beneath his burthen  
 The toiling slave is driven,—  
 Where now a tyrant's mockery  
 Is offered unto Heaven,—

Where Mammon hath its altars  
 Wet o'er with human blood,  
 And Pride and Lust debases  
 The workmanship of God—  
 There shall thy praise be spoken,  
 Redeemed from falsehood's ban,  
 When the fetters shall be broken,  
 And the *slave* shall be a *man*!

Joy to thy spirit, brother!—  
 A thousand hearts are warm—  
 A thousand kindred bosoms  
 Are baring to the storm.  
 What though red-handed Violence  
 With secret Fraud combine,  
 The wall of fire is round us—  
 Our present Help was thine!

Lo—the waking up of nations,  
 From Slavery's fatal sleep—  
 The murmur of a universe—  
 Deep calling unto deep!—  
 Joy to thy spirit, brother!—  
 On every wind of Heaven  
 The onward cheer and summons  
 Of FREEDOM'S SOUL is given!

Glory to God forever!—

Beyond the despot's will  
The soul of Freedom liveth  
Imperishable still.

The words which thou hast uttered  
Are of that soul a part,  
And the good seed thou hast scattered  
Is springing from the heart.

In the evil days before us,  
And the trials yet to come—  
In the shadow of the prison,  
Or the cruel martyrdom—  
We will think of thee, O Brother!  
And thy sainted name shall be  
In the blessing of the captive,  
And the anthem of the free.



## THE HUNTERS OF MEN.

HAVE ye heard of our hunting, our mountain and glen  
Through cane-brake and forest—the hunting of men?  
The lords of our land to this hunting have gone,  
As the fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn:  
Hark—the cheer and the hallo! the crack of the  
    whip,

And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip!  
All blithe are our hunters, and noble their match—  
Though *hundreds* are caught, there are *millions* to  
    catch:

So speed to their hunting, o'er mountain and glen,  
Through cane-brake and forest—the hunting of men!

Gay luck to our hunters!—how nobly they ride  
In the glow of their zeal, and the strength of their  
    pride!—

The Priest with his cassock flung back on the wind,  
Just screening the politic Statesman behind—

The saint and the sinner, with cursing and prayer—  
The drunk and the sober, ride merrily there.

And woman—kind woman—wife, widow and maid—



For *the good of the hunted*—is lending her aid :  
 Her foot's in the stirrup—her hand on the rein—  
 How blithely she rides to the hunting of men !

Oh ! goodly and grand is our hunting to see,  
 In this ' land of the brave and this home of the free.'  
 Priest, warrior, and statesman, from Georgia to Maine,  
 All mounting the saddle—all grasping the rein—  
 Right merrily hunting the black man, whose sin  
 Is the curl of his hair and the hue of his skin !  
 Wo, now to the hunted who turns him at bay !  
 Will our hunters be turned from their purpose and  
     prey ?  
 Will their hearts fail within them ?—their nerves  
     tremble, when  
 All roughly they ride to the hunting of men ?

Ho—ALMS for our hunters ! all weary and faint  
 Wax the curse of the sinner and prayer of the saint.  
 The horn is wound faintly—the echoes are still  
 Over cane-brake and river, and forest and hill.  
 Haste—alms for our hunters ! the hunted once more  
 Have turned from their flight with their backs to the  
     shore :

What right have *they* here in the home of the white,  
 Shadowed o'er by *our* banner of Freedom and Right ?  
 Ho—alms for the hunters ! or never again  
 Will they ride in their pomp to the hunting of men !

ALMS—ALMS for our hunters ! why *will* ye delay,  
 When their pride and their glory are melting away ?



The parson has turned ; for, on charge of his own,  
Who goeth a warfare, or hunting, alone ?  
The politic statesman looks back with a sigh—  
There is doubt in his heart—there is fear in his eye.  
Oh ! haste, lest that doubting and fear shall prevail,  
And the head of his steed take the place of his tail.  
Oh ! haste, ere he leave us ! for who will ride then,  
For pleasure or gain, to the hunting of men !



## THE YANKEE GIRL.

SHE sings by her wheel, at that low cottage-door—  
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,  
With a music as sweet as the music which seems  
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,  
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!  
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play  
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door?  
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?  
'Tis the great southern planter—the master who  
waves  
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

'Nay Ellen—for shame! Let those yankee fools spin,  
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their  
skin—

Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,  
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

But thou art too lovely and precious a gem,  
 To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them—  
 For shame, Ellen, shame!—cast thy bondage aside,  
 And away to the south, as my blessing and pride.

Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,  
 But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,  
 Where the palmetto's shadow is over my home,  
 And the lemon and orange wave white in their bloom!

Oh come to my home, where my servants shall all  
 Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call—  
 They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and  
     awe,  
 And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law.'

Oh, could ye have seen her—that pride of our girls,  
 Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,  
 With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,  
 And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel!

'Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold  
 Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold;  
 Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear  
 The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

And the sky of thy south may be brighter than ours,  
 And greener thy landscapes and fairer thy flowers;  
 But, dearer the blast round our mountains which  
     raves,  
 Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over  
     slaves!

Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,  
'With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel ;  
Yet know that the yankee girl sooner would be  
In *fetters* with *them*, than in freedom with *thee* !'



## THE SLAVE SHIPS.

‘ ——— That fatal, that perfidious bark,  
Built i’ the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark.’

MILTON’S LYCIDAS.

The French ship *Le Rodeur*, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one-hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out—an obstinate disease of the eyes—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves, (only half a wine glass per day being allowed to an individual,) and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally, but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other’s arms, leaped overboard, in the hope which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several who were stopped in the attempt, to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another were smitten with it, until only *one* remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsaleable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*—(*Speech of M. Benj. Constant, in the Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820.*)

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual, whose sight remained unaffected, should also be seized with the mal-

ady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver, Leon. The same disease had been there; and horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The Rodeur reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival.—(*Bibliothèque Ophtalmologique, for November, 1819.*)

‘ ALL ready ? ’ cried the captain ;

‘ Ay, Ay ! ’ the seamen said—

‘ Heave up the worthless lubbers,

The dying and the dead.’

Up from the slave-ship’s prison

Fierce, bearded heads were thrust—

‘ Now let the sharks look to it—

Toss up the dead ones first ! ’

Corpse after corpse came up,—

Death had been busy there.

Where every blow is mercy,

Why should the spoiler spare ?

Corpse after corpse they cast

Sullenly from the ship,

Yet bloody with the traces

Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,

With his arms upon his breast,

With his cold brow sternly knotted,

And his iron lip compress’d.

‘ Are all the dead dogs over ? ’  
 Growl’d through that matted lip—  
 ‘ The blind ones are no better,  
 Let ’s lighten the good ship ! ’

Hark ! from the ship’s dark bosom,  
 The very sounds of hell !  
 The ringing clank of iron—  
 The maniac’s short, sharp yell !  
 The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled—  
 The starving infant’s moan—  
 The horror of a breaking heart  
 Pour’d through a mother’s groan !

Up from that loathsome prison  
 The stricken blind ones came—  
 Below, had all been darkness—  
 Above, was still the same.  
 Yet the holy breath of Heaven  
 Was sweetly breathing there,  
 And the heated brow of fever  
 Cool’d in the soft sea-air.

‘ Overboard with them, shipmates ! ’  
 Cutlass and dirk were plied ;  
 Fetter’d and blind, one after one,  
 Plunged down the vessel’s side.  
 The sabre smote above—  
 Beneath, the lean shark lay,  
 Waiting with wide and bloody jaw  
 His quick and human prey.



God of the earth ! what cries  
 Rang upward unto Thee ?  
 Voices of agony and blood,  
 From ship-deck and from sea.  
 The last dull plunge was heard—  
 The last wave caught its stain—  
 And the unsated sharks look'd up  
 For human hearts in vain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Red glowed the western waters—  
 The setting sun was there,  
 Scattering alike on wave and cloud  
 His fiery mesh of hair.  
 Amidst a group in blindness,  
 A solitary eye  
 Gazed, from the burden'd slaver's deck,  
 Into that burning sky.

' A storm,' spoke out the gazer,  
 ' Is gathering and at hand—  
 Curse on 't—I 'd give my other eye  
 For one firm rood of land.'  
 And then he laugh'd—but only  
 His echoed laugh replied—  
 For the blinded and the suffering  
 Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,  
 And on a stormy heaven,  
 While fiercely on that lone ship's track  
 The thunder-gust was driven.



‘ A sail!—thank God ! a sail ! ’

And, as the helmsman spoke,  
Up through the stormy murmur,  
A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel  
Unheeding, on her way,  
So near, that on the slaver’s deck  
Fell off her driven spray.

‘ Ho ! for the love of mercy—  
We ’re perishing and blind ! ’  
A wail of utter agony  
Came back upon the wind.

‘ Help *us* ! for we are stricken  
With blindness every one—  
Ten days we ’ve floated fearfully,  
Unnoting star or sun.  
Our ship ’s the slaver Leon—  
We ’ve but a score on board—  
Our slaves are all gone over—  
Help—for the love of God ! ’

On livid brows of agony  
The broad red lightning shone—  
But the roar of wind and thunder  
Stifled the answering groan.  
Wail’d from the broken waters  
A last despairing cry,  
As kindling in the stormy light,  
The stranger ship went by.

\* \* \* \*

In the sunny Gaudaloupe  
 A dark hull'd vessel lay—  
 With a crew who noted never  
 The night-fall or the day.  
 The blossom of the orange  
 Waved white by every stream,  
 And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird,  
 Were in the warm sun-beam.

And the sky was bright as ever,  
 And the moonlight slept as well,  
 On the palm-trees by the hill-side,  
 And the streamlet of the dell.  
 And the glances of the Creole  
 Were still as archly deep,  
 And her smiles as full as ever  
 Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,  
 The green earth and the sky,  
 And the smile of human faces,  
 To the ever darken'd eye ;  
 For, amidst a world of beauty,  
 The slaver went abroad,  
 With his ghastly visage written  
 By the awful curse of God !

## STANZAS.

On the appearance of these Stanzas in the *Liberator*, it was predicted by Garrison, that 'they would ring from Maine to the Rocky Mountains,' and the prophecy has been fulfilled. They have been circulated in periodicals, quoted in addresses and orations, and scattered broad-cast, over the land, beneath the kneeling slave and motto, 'Am I not a man and a brother?'—the device of Cowper and the English Abolitionists.

In this last form, they have roused the consciences of slaveholders in New-Orleans—have been held up to a Boston audience by the sophist Gurley, after a fruitless endeavor to create a tumult by one of his strong appeals to prejudice and selfishness—and have been displayed by the noble-souled May before a Massachusetts Legislature, as a refutation of the charge of incendiarism cast on the Abolitionists by the Legislatures of the South. In witnessing the effect of poetic talent thus applied, we cease to wonder that the words of Fletcher of Saltoun—'Give me to make the ballads of a nation, and let who will make the laws,' have passed into a proverb.

---

'The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king, cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness, than a kingdom in its age?'—*Dr. Follen's Address*.

‘Genius of America ! Spirit of our free institutions—where art thou ? How art thou fallen, oh Lucifer ! son of the morning—how art thou fallen from Heaven ! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming ! The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha ! Aha !—ART THOU BECOME LIKE UNTO US ?’—*Speech of Rev. S. J. May.*

Our fellow-countrymen in chains !

Slaves—in a land of light and law ?

Slaves—crouching on the very plains

Where rolled the storm of Freedom’s war !

A groan from Eutaw’s haunted wood—

A wail where Camden’s martyrs fell—

By every shrine of patriot blood,

From Moultrie’s wall and Jasper’s well !

By storied hill and hallowed grot,

By mossy wood and marshy glen,

Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,

And hurrying shout of Marion’s men !

The groan of breaking hearts is there—

The falling lash—the fetter’s clank !

*Slaves*—*SLAVES* are breathing in that air,

Which old De’Kalb and Sumter drank !

What, ho !—*our* countrymen in chains !

The whip on *woman’s* shrinking flesh !

*Our* soil yet reddening with the stains,

Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh !

What ! mothers from their children riven !

What ! God’s own image bought and sold !

*AMERICANS* to market driven,

And bartered as the brute for gold !

Speak ! shall their agony of prayer  
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain ?  
 To us, whose fathers scorned to bear  
 The paltry *menace* of a chain ;  
 To us, whose boast is loud and long  
 Of holy liberty and light—  
 Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong,  
 Plead vainly for their plundered Right ?

What ! shall we send, with lavish breath,  
 Our sympathies across the wave,  
 Where manhood, on the field of death,  
 Strikes for his freedom, or a grave ?  
 Shall prayers go up—and hymns be sung  
 For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning—  
 And millions hail with pen and tongue  
*Our* light on all her altars burning ?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,  
 By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,  
 And Poland, grasping on her lance,  
 The impulse of our cheering call ?  
 And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,  
 Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain ?  
 And toss his fettered arms on high,  
 And groan for freedom's gift, in vain ?

Oh say, shall Prussia's banner be  
 A refuge for the stricken slave ;  
 And shall the Russian serf go free  
 By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave ;

And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane  
 Relax the iron hand of pride,  
 And bid his bondmen cast the chain,  
 From fettered soul and limb, aside ?

Shall every flap of England's flag  
 Proclaim that all around are free,  
 From ' farthest Ind ' to each blue crag  
 That beetles o'er the Western Sea ?  
 And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,  
 When Freedom's fire is dim with us,  
 And round our country's altar clings  
 The damning shade of Slavery's curse ?

Go—let us ask of Constantine  
 To loose his grasp on Poland's throat—  
 And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line  
 To spare the struggling Suliote.  
 Will not the scorching answer come  
 From turban'd Turk, and fiery Russ—  
 ' Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,  
 Then turn, and ask the like of us ! '

Just God ! and shall we calmly rest,  
 The christian's scorn—the heathen's mirth—  
 Content to live the lingering jest  
 And by-word of a mocking earth ?

Shall our own glorious land retain  
 That curse which Europe scorns to bear ?  
 Shall our own brethren drag the chain  
 Which not even Russia's menials wear ?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,  
 From gray-beard eld to fiery youth,  
 And on the nation's naked heart,  
 Scatter the living coals of Truth !  
 Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet  
 The shadow of our fame is growing !  
 Up—while ye pause, our sun may set  
 In blood, around our altars flowing !

Oh rouse ye—ere the storm comes forth—  
 The gathered wrath of God and man—  
 Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,  
 When hail and fire above it ran.  
 Hear ye no warnings in the air ?  
 Feel ye no earthquake underneath ?  
 Up—up—why will ye slumber where  
 The sleeper only wakes in death ?

Up *now* for Freedom !—not in strife  
 Like that your sterner fathers saw—  
 The awful waste of human life—  
 The glory and the guilt of war :  
 But break the chain—the yoke remove—  
 And smite to earth Oppression's rod,  
 With those mild arms of Truth and Love,  
 Made mighty through the living God !



Prone let the shrine of Moloch sink,  
And leave no traces where it stood—  
Nor longer let its idol drink  
His daily cup of human blood :  
But rear another altar there,  
To truth and love and mercy given,  
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,  
Shall call an answer down from Heaven !





### STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.\*

Is this the land our fathers loved,  
The freedom which they toiled to win?  
Is this the soil whereon they moved?  
Are these the graves they slumber in?  
Are *we* the sons by whom is borne  
The mantles which the dead have worn?

And shall we crouch above these graves,  
With craven soul and fettered lip?  
Yoke in with marked and branded SLAVES,  
And tremble at the driver's whip?  
Bend to the earth our pliant knees,  
And speak—but as our masters please?

\* The 'Times' alluded to, were those evil times of the pro-slavery Meeting in Faneuil Hall for the suppression of Freedom of Speech, lest it should endanger the foundations of commercial society. In view of the outrages which a careful observation of the times had enabled him to foresee must spring from the false witness borne against the abolitionists by the speakers at that meeting, well might Garrison say of them, 'Sir, I consider the man who fires a city, guiltless in comparison.'

Shall outraged nature cease to feel?

Shall mercy's tears no longer flow?

Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel—

The dungeon's gloom—th' assassin's blow,

Turn back the spirit roused to save

The Truth—our Country—and the *Slave*?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,

Whereon the priests of Mexico

Before their loathsome idol prayed—

Is Freedom's altar fashioned so?

And must we yield to Freedom's God,

As offering meet, the negro's blood?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought

Which well might shame extremest hell?

Shall freemen lock th' indignant thought?

Shall Mercy's bosom cease to swell?

Shall Honor bleed?—Shall Truth succumb?

Shall pen, and press, and *soul* be dumb?

No—by each spot of haunted ground,

Where Freedom weeps her children's fall—

By Plymouth's rock—and Bunker's mound—

By Griswold's stained and shattered wall—

By Warren's ghost—by Langdon's shade—

By all the memories of our dead!

By their enlarging souls, which burst

The bands and fetters round them set--

By the FREE PILGRIM SPIRIT nursed

Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—

By all above—around—below—  
Be ours th' indignant answer—NO !

No—guided by our country's laws,  
For truth and right, and suffering man,  
Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,  
As Christians *may*—as freemen *can* !  
Still pouring on unwilling ears  
That truth oppression only fears.

What ! shall we guard our neighbor still,  
While *woman* shrieks beneath his rod,  
And while he tramples down at will  
The image of a common God !  
Shall watch and ward be round him set,  
Of northern nerve and bayonet ?

And shall we know and share with him,  
The danger and the open shame ?  
And see our Freedom's light grow dim,  
Which should have filled the world with flame ?  
And, writhing, feel where'er we turn,  
A world's reproach around us burn ?

Is 't not enough that this is borne ?  
And asks our haughty neighbor more ?  
Must fetters which his slaves have worn,  
Clank round the Yankee farmer's door ?  
Must *he* be told, beside his plough,  
*What* he must speak, and *when*, and *how* ?

Must *he* be told his freedom stands

On Slavery's dark foundations strong—

On breaking hearts and fettered hands,

On robbery, and crime, and wrong?

That all his fathers taught is vain—

That Freedom's emblem is the chain?

Its life—its soul, from *slavery* drawn?

False—foul—profane! Go—teach as well

Of holy Truth from Falsehood born—

Of Heaven refreshed by airs from Hell!

Of Virtue nursed by open Vice—

Of Demons planting paradise!

Rail on, then, 'brethren of the South'—

Ye shall not hear the truth the less—

No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,

No fetter on the Yankee's press!

From our Green Mountains to the Sea,

One voice shall thunder—WE ARE FREE!

## SONG OF THE FREE.

‘Living, I shall assert the right of **FREE DISCUSSION**; dying, I shall assert it; and should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of **FREE PRINCIPLES**, and the example of a manly and independent defence of them.’—**DANIEL WEBSTER.**

PRIDE of New England!  
Soul of our fathers!  
Shrink we all craven-like,  
When the storm gathers?  
What though the tempest be  
Over us lowering,  
Where's the New Englander  
Shamefully cowering?  
Graves green and holy  
Around us are lying,—  
Free were the sleepers all,  
Living and dying!

Back with the Southerner's  
Padlocks and scourges!  
Go—let him fetter down  
Ocean's free surges!

Go—let him silence  
 Winds, clouds, and waters—  
 Never New England's own  
 Free sons and daughters!  
 Free as our rivers are  
 Ocean-ward going—  
 Free as the breezes are  
 Over us blowing.

Up to our altars, then,  
 Haste we, and summon  
 Courage and loveliness,  
 Manhood and woman!  
 Deep let our pledges be—  
 Freedom forever—  
 Truce with Oppression,  
 Never, oh! never!  
 By our own birthright-gift,  
 Granted of Heaven—  
 Freedom for heart and lip,  
 Be the pledge given!

If we have whispered truth,  
 Whisper no longer;  
 Speak as the tempest does,  
 Sterner and stronger:  
 Still be the tones of truth  
 Louder and firmer,  
 Startling the haughty South  
 With the deep murmur:

‘God and our Charter’s right,  
Freedom forever---  
Truce with Oppression,  
Never, oh! never!’





## CLERICAL OPPRESSORS.

In the Report of the celebrated Pro-Slavery Meeting in Charleston, S. C., on the 4th of the 9th mo., 1835, published in the Courier of that city, it is stated, ‘ *The CLERGY of all denominations attended in a body, LENDING THEIR SANCTION TO THE PROCEEDINGS*; and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene ! ’

Just God!—and these are they  
Who minister at Thine altar, God of Right!  
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay  
On Israel’s Ark of light!

What! preach and kidnap men?  
Give thanks—and rob Thy own afflicted poor?  
Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then  
Bolt hard the captive’s door?

What! servants of thy own  
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save  
The homeless and the outcast—,fettering down  
The tasked and plundered slave!



Pilate and Herod, friends!  
 Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!  
 Just God and holy! is that church which lends  
 Strength to the spoiler, Thine?

Paid hypocrites, who turn  
 Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book  
 Of those high words of truth which search and burn  
 In warning and rebuke.

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed!  
 And, in your tasselled pulpits, thank the Lord  
 That, from the toiling bondman's utter need,  
 Ye pile your own full board.

How long, oh Lord! how long  
 Shall such a Priesthood barter Truth away,  
 And, in Thy name, for robbery and wrong  
 At thy own altars pray?

Is not Thy hand stretched forth  
 Visibly in the heavens to awe and smite?  
 Shall not the living God of all the earth,  
 And heaven above, do right?

Woe, then, to all who grind  
 Their brethren of a Common Father down!  
 To all who plunder from th' immortal mind  
 Its bright and glorious crown!

Woe to the Priesthood! woe  
 To those whose hire is with the price of blood—

Perverting, darkening, changing as they go,  
The searching truths of God !

Their glory and their might  
Shall perish ; and their very names shall be  
Vile before all the people, in the light  
Of A WORLD'S LIBERTY.

Oh ! speed the moment on  
When Wrong shall cease—and Liberty, and Love,  
And Truth, and Right, throughout the earth are  
known,  
As in their home above.



## LINES

WRITTEN ON READING

‘ RIGHT AND WRONG IN BOSTON : ’

*Containing an account of the meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, and the MOB which followed, on the 21st October, 1835.*

UNSHRINKING from the storm,  
Well have ye borne your part,  
With WOMAN'S fragile form,  
But more than manhood's heart!  
Faithful to Freedom, when  
Its name was held accursed—  
Faithful, midst ruffian men,  
Unto your holy trust.

Oh—steadfast in the Truth!  
Not for yourselves alone,  
Matron and gentle youth—  
Your lofty zeal was shown :  
For the bondman of all climes—  
For freedom's last abode—  
For the hope of future times—  
For the birthright gift of God.

For scorned and broken laws—  
 For honor and the right—  
 For staked and periled cause  
 Of liberty and light.  
 For holy eyes above  
 On a world of evil cast—  
 For the CHILDREN of our love—  
 For the MOTHERS of the past!

Worthy of THEM are ye—  
 The Pilgrim wives who dared  
 The waste and unknown sea,  
 And the hunter's perils shared.  
 Worthy of her,\* whose mind  
 Triumphant over all,  
 Ruler nor priest could bind,  
 Nor banishment appal.

Worthy of her† who died  
 Martyr of Freedom, where  
 Your 'Common's' verdant pride  
 Opens to sun and air :  
 Upheld at that dread hour  
 By strength which could not fail ;  
 Before whose holy power,  
 Bigot and priest turned pale.

\* Mrs. Hutchinson, who was banished from the Massachusetts Colony, as the easiest method of confuting her doctrines.

† Mary Dyer, the Quaker Martyr, who was hanged in Boston in 1659, for worshipping God according to the dictates of her conscience.

God give ye strength to run,  
 Unawed by earth or hell,  
 The race ye have begun  
 So gloriously and well—  
 Until the trumpet call  
 Of Freedom has gone forth,  
 With joy and life to all  
 The bondmen of the earth !

Until IMMORTAL MIND  
 Unshackled walks abroad,  
 And chains no longer bind  
*The image of our God :*  
 Until no captive one  
 Murmurs on land or wave ;  
 And, in his course, the sun  
 Looks down upon no SLAVE !



**TO GOV. M'DUFFIE.**

‘ The patriarchal institution of slavery.’—GOV. M'DUFFIE.

KING of Carolina!—hail!

    Last champion of Oppression's battle!

Lord of rice-tierce and cotton-bale!

    Of sugar-box and human cattle!

Around thy temples, green and dark,

    Thy own tobacco-wreath reposes—

Thyself, a brother Patriarch

    Of Isaac, Abraham, and Moses!

Why not?—Their household rule is thine—

    Like theirs, thy bondmen feel its rigor;

And thine, perchance, as concubine,

    Some swarthy prototype of Hagar.

Why not?—Like those good men of old,

    The priesthood is thy chosen station;

Like them thou payest thy rites to gold—

    And Aaron's calf of Nullification.

All fair and softly!—Must we then,  
 From Ruin's open jaws to save us,  
 Upon our own free working men  
 Confer a master's special favors?  
 Whips for the back—chains for the heels—  
 Hooks for the nostrils of Democracy,  
 Before it spurns as well as feels  
 The riding of the Aristocracy!

Ho—fishermen of Marblehead!—  
 Ho—Lynn cordwainers, leave your leather,  
 And wear the yoke in kindness made,  
 And clank your needful chains together!  
 Let Lowell mills their thousands yield,  
 Down let the rough Vermonter hasten,  
 Down from the workshop and the field,  
 And thank us for each chain we fasten.

SLAVES in the rugged Yankee land?  
 I tell thee, Carolinian, never!  
 Our rocky hills and iron strand  
 Are free, and shall be free forever.  
 The surf shall wear that strand away,  
 Our granite hills in dust shall moulder,  
 Ere Slavery's hateful yoke shall lay  
 Unbroken, on a Yankee's shoulder!

No—George M'Duffie!—keep thy words  
 For the mail plunderers of thy city,  
 Whose robber-right is in their swords;  
 For recreant Priest and Lynch-Committee!



Go, point thee to the cannon's mouth,  
 And swear its brazen lips are better,  
 To guard 'the interests of the South,'  
 Than parchment scroll, or Charter's letter.\*

We fear not.—Streams which brawl most loud  
 Along their course, are oftenest shallow ;  
 And loudest to a doubting crowd  
 The coward publishes his valor.  
*Thy* courage has at least been shown  
 In many a bloodless southern quarrel,  
 Facing, with hartshorn and cologne,  
 The Georgian's harmless pistol-barrel.†

No, Southron ! not in Yankee land  
 Will threats, like thine, a fear awaken—  
 Her men, who on their charter stand  
 For truth and right, may not be shaken.  
 Still shall that truth assail thine ear—  
 Each breeze, from Northern mountains flowing,  
 The tones of Liberty shall bear—  
 God's 'free incendiaries' going !

We give thee joy !—thy name is heard  
 With reverence on the Neva's borders ;  
 And 'turban'd Turk' and Poland's lord,  
 And Metternich, are thy applauders.

\* See Speech of Gov. M'D. to an artillery company in Charleston, S. C.

† Most of our readers will recollect the 'chivalrous' affair between M'Duffie and Col. Cummings, of Georgia, some years ago, in which the parties fortified themselves with spirits of hartshorn and *Eau de Cologne*.



Go—if thou lov'st *such* fame, and share  
 The mad Ephesian's base example—  
 The holy bands of UNION tear,  
 And clap the torch to FREEDOM's temple !

Do this—Heaven's frown---thy country's curse—  
 Guilt's fiery torture ever burning—  
 The quenchless thirst of Tantalus,  
 And Ixion's wheel forever turning—  
 A name, for which ' the pain'dest fiend  
 Below ' his own would barter never,—  
 These shall be thine unto the end—  
 Thy damning heritage forever !



**TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY,**

*President of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society,  
who died on the 17th of the 9th mo. 1836, a devoted  
Christian and Philanthropist.*

GONE to thy heavenly Father's rest—

The flowers of Eden round thee blowing !

And, on thine ear, the murmurs blest

Of Shiloah's waters softly flowing !

Beneath that 'Tree of Life which gives

To all the earth its healing leaves—

In the white robe of angels clad,

And wandering by that sacred river,

Whose streams of holiness make glad

The city of our God forever !

Gentlest of spirits !—not for thee

Our tears are shed—our sighs are given :

Why mourn to know thou art a free

Partaker of the joys of Heaven ?

Finished thy work, and kept thy faith  
 In Christian firmness unto death :  
 And beautiful, as sky and earth,  
     When Autumn's sun is downward going,  
 The blessed memory of thy worth  
     Around thy place of slumber glowing !

But, wo for us ! who linger still  
     With feeblér strength and hearts less lowly,  
 And minds less steadfast to the will  
     Of Him, whose every work is holy !  
 For not like thine, is crucified  
 The spirit of our human pride :  
 And, at the bondman's tale of wo,  
     And, for the outcast and forsaken,  
 Not warm like thine, but cold and slow,  
     Our weaker sympathies awaken !

Darkly upon our struggling way  
     The storm of human hate is sweeping ;  
 Hunted and branded, and a prey,  
     Our watch amidst the darkness keeping !  
 Oh ! for that hidden strength which can  
 Nerve unto death the inner man !  
 Oh ! for thy spirit tried and true,  
     And constant in the hour of trial—  
 Prepared to suffer, or to do,  
     In meekness and in self-denial.

Oh, for that spirit meek and mild,  
 Derided, spurned, yet uncomplaining—  
 By man deserted and reviled,  
 Yet faithful to its trust remaining.  
 Still prompt and resolute to save  
 From scourge and chain the hunted slave!  
 Unwavering in the Truth's defence,  
 Even where the fires of Hate are burning,  
 Th' unquailing eye of innocence  
 Alone upon th' oppressor turning!

Oh—loved of thousands! to thy grave,  
 Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore thee!  
 The poor man and the rescued slave  
 Wept as the broken earth closed o'er thee—  
 And grateful tears, like summer rain,  
 Quickened its dying grass again!  
 And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,  
 Shall come, the outcast and the lowly,  
 Of gentle deeds and words of thine,  
 Recalling memories sweet and holy!

Oh for the death the righteous die!  
 An end, like Autumn's day declining,  
 On human hearts, as on the sky,  
 With holier, tenderer beauty shining:  
 As to the parting soul were given  
 The radiance of an opening heaven!  
 As if that pure and blessed light,  
 From off th' Eternal altar flowing,  
 Were bathing in its upward flight,  
 The spirit to its worship going!

**TO GEORGE BANCROFT, ESQ.**

**AUTHOR OF THE WORCESTER DEMOCRATIC ADDRESS.**

FRIEND of the poor!—go on—  
Speak for the Truth and Right!  
Onward—though hate and scorn  
Gloom round thee as the night.  
Speak—at each word of thine,  
Some ancient Fraud is riven—  
And through its rents of ruin shine  
The sunbeams and the heaven!

Speak—for thy voice will be  
Welcome in each abode,  
Where manhood's heart and knee  
Are bended but to God—  
Where honest bosoms hold  
Their holy birthright well—  
Where Freedom spurns at Mammon's gold—  
Where *Man is not to sell!*

Speak—for the poor man's cause—  
     For Labor's just reward—  
 For violated laws  
     Of nature and of God !  
 Speak—let the *Debtor* hear  
     Within his living grave !  
 Speak—THUNDER in Oppression's ear,  
     Deliverance to the *slave* !

Ay—speak—while there is time,  
     For *all* a freeman's claim,—  
 Ere thought becomes a crime,  
     And Freedom but a name !  
 While yet the Tongue and Pen  
     And Press are unforbid,  
 And we dare to feel and act as men—  
     Speak—as our fathers did !

The land we love ere long  
     Shall kindle at thy call—  
 Falsehood and *chartered* Wrong,  
     And *legal* Robbery, fall :  
 The proud shall not combine—  
     The *secret* council cease—  
 And underneath the sheltering vine  
     Shall Labor dwell in peace !

Old Massachusetts yet  
     Retains her earliest fires—  
 Still on her hills are set  
     The altars of her sires :

Her ' fierce Democracies '

Have yet their strength unshorn,  
And pampered Power ere long shall see  
Its Gaza-gates upturn.

Perish shall all which takes

From Labor's board and can—

Perish shall all which makes

*A Spaniel of the Man !*

With freshened courage then,

On to the glorious end—

Ever the same as thou hast been—

The poor man's fastest friend !





## LINES,

*Written on reading the spirited and manly remarks of Gov. Ritner\* of Pennsylvania, in his late Message, on the subject of Slavery.*

Thank God for the token!—one lip is still free—  
One spirit untrammelled—unbending one knee!  
Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted and firm,  
Erect, when the multitude bends to the storm;  
When traitors to Freedom, and Honor, and God,  
Are bowed at an Idol polluted with blood;  
When the recreant North has forgotten her trust,  
And the lip of her honor is low in the dust,—  
Thank God, that one man from the shackle has  
broken!

Thank God, that one man, as a *freeman*, has spoken!

\* The fact greatly redounds to the credit, and will serve to perpetuate the memory, of this independent farmer and high-minded statesman, that he alone, of all the Governors in the Union, has met the insulting demands and scare-crow menaces of the South, in a manner becoming a freeman and a hater of slavery, in his late message to the Legislature of Pennsylvania.



O'er thy crags, Alleghany, a blast has been blown !  
 Down thy tide, Susquehanna, the murmur has gone !  
 To the land of the South—of the Charter and  
 Chain—

Of Liberty sweetened with Slavery's pain ;  
 Where the cant of Democracy dwells on the lips  
 Of the forgers of fetters, and wielders of whips !  
 Where ' chivalric ' honor means really no more  
 Than scourging of women, and robbing the poor !  
 Where the Moloch of Slavery sitteth on high,  
 And the words which he utters are—**WORSHIP, OR  
 DIE !**

Right onward, oh, speed it—wherever the blood  
 Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying to God ;  
 Wherever a slave in his fetters is pining—  
 Wherever the lash of the driver is twining—  
 Wherever from kindred, torn rudely apart,  
 Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken of heart—  
 Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind,  
 In silence and darkness, the God-given mind—  
 There, God speed it onward !—its truth will be felt—  
 The bonds shall be loosened—the iron shall melt !

And oh, will the land, where the free soul of PENN  
 Still lingers and breathes over mountain and glen—  
 Will the land where a BENEZET's spirit went forth  
 To the peeled, and the meted, and outcast of earth—  
 Where the words of the Charter of Liberty first  
 From the soul of the sage and the patriot burst—

Where first, for the wronged and the weak of their  
kind,

The Christian and Statesman their efforts combined :  
Will that land of the free and the good wear a  
chain ?

Will the call to the rescue of Freedom be vain ?

No, RITNER !—her ' Friends,' at thy warnin  
stand

Erect for the truth, like their ancestral band ;  
Forgetting the feuds and the strife of past time,  
Counting coldness injustice, and silence a crime ;  
Turning back from the cavil of creeds, to unite  
Once again for the poor in defence of the right ;  
Breasting calmly, but firmly, the full tide of wrong,  
Overwhelmed, but not borne on its surges along ;  
Unappalled by the danger, the shame, and the pain,  
And counting each trial for truth as their gain !

And that bold-hearted yeomanry, honest and true,  
Who, haters of fraud, give to labor its due ;  
Whose fathers, of old, sang in concert with thine,  
On the banks of Swetara, the songs of the Rhine—  
The pure German pilgrims, who first dared to brave  
The scorn of the proud in the cause of the slave :\*—  
Will the sons of such men yield the lords of the  
South

One brow for the brand—for the padlock one mouth ?

\* It is a remarkable fact, that the first testimony of a religious body against negro slavery, was that of a Society of German ' Friends ' in Pennsylvania.

*They* cater to tyrants?—*They* rivet the chain,  
Which their fathers smote off, on the negro again?

No, NEVER!—one voice, like the sound in the  
cloud,

When the roar of the storm waxes loud and more  
loud,

Wherever the foot of the freeman hath pressed,  
From the Delaware's marge to the Lake of the West,  
On the South-going breezes shall deepen and grow,  
Till the land it sweeps over shall tremble below!

The voice of a people—uprisen—awake—

Pennsylvania's watchword, with Freedom at stake,  
Thrilling up from each valley—flung down from  
each height,

Of 'RITNER AND LIBERTY!—GOD FOR THE RIGHT!'



## HYMN

*Sung on the 4th of July, 1834, at the Chatham  
Street Chapel, New-York.*

Oh, Thou, whose presence went before  
Our fathers in their weary way,  
As with Thy chosen moved of yore  
The fire by night—the cloud by day!

When from each temple of the free,  
A nation's song ascends to Heaven,  
Most Holy Father! unto Thee  
May not our humble prayer be given?

Thy children all—though hue and form  
Are varied in Thine own good will—  
With Thy own holy breathings warm,  
And fashioned in Thine image still.

We thank Thee, Father!—hill and plain  
 Around us wave their fruits once more,  
 And clustered vine, and blossomed grain,  
 Are bending round each cottage door.

And peace is here—and hope and love  
 Are round us as a mantle thrown,  
 And unto Thee, supreme above,  
 The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

But, Oh, for those, this day can bring,  
 As unto us, no joyful thrill—  
 For those, who, under FREEDOM's wing,  
 Are bound in SLAVERY's fetters still:—

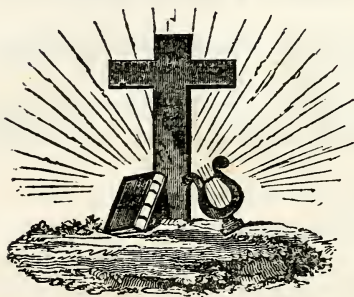
For those to whom Thy living word  
 Of light and love is never given—  
 For those whose ears have never heard  
 The promise and the hope of heaven!

For broken heart—and clouded mind,  
 Whereon no human mercies fall—  
 Oh, be thy gracious love inclined,  
 Who, as a father, pitiest all!—

And grant, Oh, Father! that the time  
 Of Earth's deliverance may be near,  
 When every land, and tongue, and clime,  
 The message of Thy love shall hear—

When, smitten as with fire from Heaven,  
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,  
And to his *fettered soul be given*

**THE GLORIOUS FREEDOM OF THE JUST !**



## **PLEAD FOR THE SLAVE !**

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Oh, Woman ! from thy happy hearth,  
Extend thy gentle hand to save  
The poor and perishing of earth—  
The chained and stricken slave !  
Oh ! plead for all the sufferings of thy kind—  
For the crushed body and the darkened mind !

So shall the ancient Earth have not  
A nobler name than thine shall be :—  
The deeds by martial manhood wrought—  
The lofty energies of thought—  
The spell of poesy—  
These are but frail and fading honors—thine  
Shall Time unto Eternity consign !

Yea, and when thrones shall crumble down,  
And human pride and grandeur fall,



The herald's line of long renown,  
The mitre and the kingly crown,—

Perishing glories all !

The pure devotion of thy generous heart  
Shall live in Heaven, of which it is a part !





## **TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.**

[TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, the black chieftain of Hayti, was a slave on the plantation of M. Bayon de Libertas. When the general rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, Toussaint refused to join them, until he had aided M. Bayon and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in Toussaint many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education; and the preservation of his life was owing to the negro's gratitude for this kindness.

In 1797, Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed, by the French Government, General-in-chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and as such, signed the Convention with General Maitland, for the evacuation of the island by the British. From this period until 1801, the island, under the government of Toussaint, was happy, tranquil, and prosperous. The miserable attempt of Napoleon to re-establish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed of its intended object, proved fatal to the Negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by Leclerc, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, and conveyed to France, where he was confined in a cold subterranean dungeon, at Besancon, where, in April, 1803, he died. The treatment of Toussaint finds a parallel only in the murder of the Duke d'Enghein. It was the remark of Godwin, in his Lectures, that the West India islands, since their first discovery by Columbus, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.]

THE moon was up. One general smile  
 Was resting on the Indian isle—  
 Mild—pure—ethereal ; rock and wood,  
 In searching sunshine, wild and rude,  
 Rose, mellowed through the silver gleam,  
 Soft as the landscape of a dream :  
 All motionless and dewy wet,  
 Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met :  
 The myrtle with its snowy bloom,  
 Crossing the nightshade's solemn gloom—  
 The white crecopia's silver rhind  
 Relieved by deeper green behind—  
 The orange with its fruit of gold,—  
 The lithe paullinia's verdant fold,—  
 The passion-flower, with symbol holy,  
 Twining its tendrils long and lowly,—  
 The rhexias dark, and cassia tall,  
 And, proudly rising over all,  
 The kingly palm's imperial stem,  
 Crowned with its leafy diadem,—  
 Star-like, beneath whose sombre shade,  
 The fiery-winged cucullo played !

Yes—lovely was thine aspect, then,  
 Fair island of the Western Sea !—  
 Lavish of beauty, even when  
 Thy brutes were happier than thy men,  
 For *they*, at least, were *free* !  
 Regardless of thy glorious clime,  
 Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,  
 The toiling negro sighed, that Time

No faster sped his hours.  
 For, by the dewy moonlight still,  
 He fed the weary-turning mill,  
 Or bent him in the chill morass,  
 To pluck the long and tangled grass,  
 And hear above his scar-worn back  
 The heavy slave-whip's frequent crack ;—  
 While in his heart one evil thought  
 In solitary madness wrought,—  
 One baleful fire surviving still,  
     The quenching of th' immortal mind—  
     One sterner passion of his kind,  
 Which even fetters could not kill,—  
 The savage hope, to deal, ere long,  
 A vengeance bitterer than his wrong !

Hark to that cry !—long, loud and shrill,  
 From field and forest, rock and hill,  
 Thrilling and horrible it rung,  
     Around, beneath, above ;—  
 The wild beast from his cavern sprung—  
     The wild bird from her grove !  
 Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony  
 Were mingled in that midnight cry ;  
 But, like the lion's growl of wrath,  
 When falls that hunter in his path,  
 Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,  
 Is rankling in his bosom yet,  
 It told of hate, full, deep and strong,—  
 Of vengeance kindling out of wrong ;  
 It was as if the crimes of years—  
 The agony—the toil—the tears—

The shame and hate, which liken well  
 Earth's garden to the nether hell,  
 Had found in Nature's self a tongue,  
 On which the gathered horror hung ;  
 As if from cliff, and stream, and glen,  
 Burst, on the startled ears of men,  
 That voice which rises unto God—  
 Solemn and stern—the cry of blood !

It ceased—and all was still once more,  
 Save ocean chafing on his shore—  
 The sighing of the wind between  
 The broad banana's leaves of green—  
 Or, bough by restless plumage shook—  
 Or, distant brawl of mountain brook.

Brief was the silence. Once again  
     Pealed to the skies that frantic yell—  
 Glowed on the heavens a fiery stain,  
     And flashes rose and fell ;  
 And, painted on the blood-red sky,  
 Dark, naked arms were tossed on high ;  
 And, round the white man's lordly hall,  
     Trode, fierce and free, *the brute he made*,  
 And those who crept along the wall,  
 And answered to his lightest call  
     With more than spaniel dread.  
 The creatures of his lawless beck  
 Were trampling on his very neck !  
 And, on the night-air, wild and clear,  
 Rose woman's shriek of more than fear ;

For bloodied arms were round her thrown,  
And dark cheeks pressed against her own !

Then, injured Afric, for the shame  
Of thy own daughters, vengeance came  
Full on the scornful hearts of those,  
Who mocked thee in thy nameless woes,  
And to thy hapless children gave  
One choice—pollution, or the grave !

Dark-browed Toussaint !—the storm had risen  
Obedient to his master-call—

The Negro's mind had burst its prison—

His hand its iron thrall !

Yet where was he, whose fiery zeal  
First taught the trampled heart to feel,  
Until despair itself grew strong,  
And vengeance fed its torch from wrong ?  
Now—when the thunder-bolt is speeding—  
Now—when oppression's heart is bleeding—  
Now—when the latent curse of Time

Is raining down in fire and blood—

That curse, which through long years of crime,

Had gathered, drop by drop, its flood :

Why strikes he not the foremost one,

Where Murder's sternest deeds are done ?

He stood the aged palms beneath,

That shadowed o'er his humble door,

Listening, with half-suspended breath,

To the wild sounds of fear and death—

—Toussaint l'Ouverture !

What marvel that his heart beat high !

The blow for freedom had been given ;  
And blood had answered to the cry

Which earth sent up to heaven !

What marvel, that a fierce delight  
Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,  
As groan, and shout, and bursting flame,  
Told where the midnight tempest came ;  
With blood and fire along its van,  
And death behind !—he was a MAN !

Yes—dark-souled chieftain !—if the light

Of mild Religion's heavenly ray  
Unveiled not to thy mental sight

The lowlier and the purer way,  
In which the Holy Sufferer trod,

Meekly amidst the sons of crime,—  
That calm reliance upon God

For justice, in his own good time,—  
That gentleness, to which belongs

Forgiveness for its many wrongs ;  
Even as the primal martyr, kneeling  
For mercy on the evil-dealing,—

Let not the favored white man name  
Thy stern appeal, with words of blame.

Has *he* not, with the light of heaven

Broadly around him, made the same—  
Yea,—on a thousand war-fields striven,  
And gloried in his open shame ?

Kneeling amidst his brothers' blood,  
 To offer mockery unto God,  
 As if the High and Holy One  
 Could smile on deeds of murder done!—  
 As if a human sacrifice  
 Were purer in His holy eyes,  
 Though offered up by Christian hands,  
 Than the foul rites of Pagan lands!

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Sternly, amidst his household band,  
 His carbine grasped within his hand,  
     The white man stood, prepared and still,  
 Waiting the shock of maddened men,  
 Unchained, and fierce as tigers, when  
     The horn winds through their caverned hill.  
 And one was weeping in his sight,—  
     The fairest flower of all the isle,—  
 The bride who seemed but yesternight  
     The image of a smile.  
 And, clinging to her trembling knee,  
 Looked up the form of infancy,  
 With tearful glance in either face,  
 The secret of its fear to trace.

‘Ha—stand, or die!’ The white man’s eye  
     His steady musket gleamed along,  
 As a tall Negro hastened nigh,  
     With fearless step and strong.  
 ‘What ho, Toussaint!’ A moment more,  
 His shadow crossed the lighted floor.  
 ‘Away,’ he shouted; ‘fly with me,—



The white man's bark is on the sea ;—  
 Her sails must catch the landward wind,  
 For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.  
 Our brethren from their graves have spoken,  
 The yoke is spurned—the chain is broken ;  
 On all the hills our fires are glowing—  
 Through all the vales red blood is flowing !  
 No more the mocking White shall rest  
 His foot upon the Negro's breast ;—  
 No more, at morn or eve, shall drip  
 The warm blood from the driver's whip :—  
 Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance sworn  
 For all the wrongs his race have borne,—  
 Though for each drop of Negro blood,  
 The white man's veins shall pour a flood ;  
 Not all alone the sense of ill  
 Around his heart is lingering still,  
 Nor deeper can the white man feel  
 The generous warmth of grateful zeal.  
 Friends of the Negro ! fly with me—  
 The path is open to the sea :  
 Away, for life !'—He spoke, and pressed  
 The young child to his manly breast,  
 As, headlong, through the cracking cane,  
 Down swept the dark insurgent train—  
 Drunken and grim—with shout and yell  
 Howled through the dark, like sounds from hell !

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail  
 Swayed free before the sunrise gale.



Cloud-like that island hung afar,  
 Along the bright horizon's verge,  
 O'er which the curse of servile war  
 Rolled its red torrent, surge on surge.  
 And he—the Negro champion—where  
 In the fierce tumult, struggled he?  
 Go trace him by the fiery glare  
 Of dwellings in the midnight air—  
 The yells of triumph and despair—  
 The streams that crimson to the sea!

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,\*  
 Beneath Besancon's alien sky,  
 Dark Haytian!—for the time shall come,—  
 Yea, even now is nigh—  
 When, every where, thy name shall be  
 Redeemed from *color's infamy*;  
 And men shall learn to speak of thee,  
 As one of earth's great spirits, born

\* The reader may, perhaps, call to mind the beautiful sonnet of William Wordsworth, addressed to Toussaint l'Ouverture, during his confinement in France.

'Toussaint!—thou most unhappy man of men!  
 Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough  
 Within thy hearing, or thou liest now  
 Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den;—  
 Oh, miserable chieftain!—where and when  
 Wilt thou find patience?—Yet, die not; do thou  
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:  
 Though fallen thyself never to rise again,  
 Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
 Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies,—  
 There's not a breathing of the common wind  
 That will forget thee: thou hast great allies.  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.'

In servitude, and nursed in scorn,  
 Casting aside the weary weight  
 And fetters of its low estate,  
 In that strong majesty of soul,

Which knows no color, tongue or clime—  
 Which still hath spurned the base control  
 Of tyrants through all time!

For other hands than mine may wreath  
 The laurel round thy brow of death,  
 And speak thy praise, as one whose word  
 A thousand fiery spirits stirred,—  
 Who crushed his foeman as a worm—  
 Whose step on human hearts fell firm:—  
 Be mine the better task to find  
 A tribute for thy lofty mind,  
 Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone  
 Some milder virtues all thine own,—  
 Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,  
 Like sunshine on a sky of storm,—  
 Proofs that the Negro's heart retains  
 Some nobleness amidst its chains,—  
 That kindness to the wronged is never  
 Without its excellent reward,—  
 Holy to human-kind, and ever  
 Acceptable to God.

## OUR COUNTRYMEN.

These lines are by the accomplished sister of the poet. The editor hopes to be pardoned by their writer, while he is certain of receiving the thanks of readers for inserting them.

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‘We do not know when we have read any thing which grated more harshly upon our Republican feelings, than the following sentence. It is from a letter of a young American, giving an account of his interview with Prince Metternich. Is it then true, that any of our institutions are such as to give pleasure to the Prime Minister of European despotism? And is it also true that the effect of these institutions upon the morals of any of our citizens is such, as to make them ashamed of the honest pursuits of industry? If so, is it not time they were modified?’—*St. Louis Observer*.

‘Among other things, the Prince asked me if I was engaged in commerce. (Now I knew commerce was despised here.) I answered, I was the proprietor of land and *Slaves*. The company seemed to be pleased; for each Hungarian or Servian nobleman is so, under the feudal system of this day.’

MORNING o’er proud Vienna! on spire and palace  
wall,  
A broad, bright coloring of gold, the early sunbeams  
fall—

The soft rich breath of breezes comes laden with  
perfume,

From the dewy groves of citron, and the orange tree  
in bloom.

In the gardens of the palaces, the hand of Art hath  
given

A beauty, that might well awake the Turkman's  
dream of Heaven ;

Where the fountain gushes cool beneath the greenly  
arching vine,

And flowers of magic loveliness, beneath its shadow  
twine—

Where the wail-note of the prisoned bird tells the  
story of a land,

Glittering in stolen wealth, retained by stern oppres-  
sion's hand.

Within that lovely city, of vassalage and power ;  
Of poverty and wasted wealth—of hovel and of  
tower,

Are gathered on their kingly pride, a power-abusing  
band—

The titled heads and iron hearts of Austria's groan-  
ing land,

From Presburg's halls and Servia's mines, the prince  
and noble meet,

To forge anew the chains that bind the serf beneath  
their feet ;

'Midst hearts and feelings like his own, Prince Met-  
ternich is there,

A tyrant, that would crush the soul of freedom every  
where.

The hater of all freedom ! a spirit in whose power  
The light of liberty would be the meteor of an hour.

One stands within a gorgeous hall, amidst that des-  
pot band,

A stranger from the western world—our freedom-  
favored land ;

Where th' heaven appealing vow hath said, that all  
mankind are free,

And where Europe's poor down-trodden, for hope  
and refuge flee ;

A son of our America ! a wanderer where the soul,  
The life of freedom sleeps enchained in tyranny's  
control !

Where crowns and titles, and the pomp of kingly  
power have crushed,

And trampled myriads of the poor and suffering to  
the dust ;—

Will he not scorn the princely hand, that binds a  
brother down ?

And hate the land of lord and slave—of fetter and  
of crown ?

' So, thou art from America—and pray what dost  
thou there ?

' Toil like our Servian vassals—or trade in mer-  
chant's ware ? '

Bland are the tones of Metternich—but a bitter  
smile reveals

' The hatred that his tyrant heart for freedom's birth-  
place feels :

A son of free America—amidst those titled knaves,  
 He answers Austria's haughty prince—'*My trade is*  
*in my SLAVES !*'

A smile of mockery and joy o'er each stern visage  
 steals,

As the answer of our countryman a kindred soul  
 reveals ;

The bosom-friends of Metternich—the tyrant of the  
 times,

They *hate* our *blessings*, but they *love* our *follies* and  
 our *crimes*.

Shame rest upon our countrymen, who in their wan-  
 derings claim

Companionship with tyranny—by kindred deeds of  
 shame.

America a mockery! a strengthener to the hands  
 Of robbery and wrong, and crime in less enlightened  
 lands!

Where the fires on Freedom's altars, with feeble  
 flickerings burn ;

The hearts that light and nurse them there, to us for  
 guidance turn.

Millions of Freedom's children, of every clime and  
 name,

Watch anxiously the western world, and glory in our  
 fame.

The guide of nations! shall our path so blind and  
 erring be,

That hope must die, where'er a heart is burning to  
 be free?

## THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

Cast down, great God, the fanes,  
That, to unhallowed gains,  
Round us have risen—  
Temples, whose priesthood pore  
Moses and Jesus o'er—  
Then bolt the poor man's prison.—PIERPONT.

Look on him—through his dungeon grate,  
Feebly and cold, the morning light  
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,  
As if it loathed the sight.  
Reclining on his strawy bed,  
His hand upholds his drooping head—  
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,  
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard ;  
And o'er his bony fingers flow  
His long dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,—  
And yet the winter's breath is chill :  
And o'er his half-clad person goes  
The frequent ague-thrill !

Silent—save ever and anon,  
 A sound, half murmur and half groan,  
 Forces apart the painful grip  
 Of the old sufferer's bearded lip :  
 O sad and crushing is the fate,  
 Of old age chained and desolate !

Just God ! why lies that old man there ?

A murderer shares his prison bed,  
 Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,  
 Gleam on him fierce and red ;  
 And the rude oath and heartless jeer,  
 Fall ever on his loathing ear,  
 And, or in wakefulness or sleep,  
 Nerve, flesh and fibre thrill and creep,  
 Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,  
 Crimson with murder, touches him !

What has the gray-haired prisoner done ?

Has murder stained his hands with gore ?  
 Not so : his crime's a fouler one :

*God made the old man poor !*

For this he shares a felon's cell—  
 The fittest earthly type of hell !  
 For this—the boon for which he poured  
 His young blood on th' invader's sword,  
 And counted light the fearful cost—  
 His blood-gained liberty is lost !



And so, for such a place of rest,  
 Old prisoner, poured thy blood as rain  
 On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,  
 And Saratoga's plain ?  
 Look forth, thou man of many scars,  
 Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars !  
 It must be joy, in sooth, to see  
 Yon Monument\* upreared to thee—  
 Piled granite and a prison cell—  
 The land repays thy service well !

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,  
 And fling the starry banner out ;  
 Shout ' Freedom ! ' till your lisping ones  
 Give back their cradle shout :  
 Let boasted eloquence declaim  
 Of honor, liberty, and fame ;  
 Still let the poet's strain be heard,  
 With ' glory ' for each second word,  
 And every thing with breath agree  
 To praise ' our glorious liberty ! '

And when the patriot cannon jars  
 That prison's cold and gloomy wall,  
 And through its grates the stripes and stars  
 Rise on the wind, and fall—  
 Think ye that prisoner's aged ear  
 Rejoices in the general cheer ?

\* Bunker Hill Monument.

Think ye his dim and failing eye  
 Is kindled at your pageantry ?  
 Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,  
 What is your carnival to him ?

Down with the LAW that binds him thus !

Unworthy freemen, let it find  
 No refuge from the withering curse  
 Of God and human kind !

Open the prisoner's living tomb,  
 And usher from its brooding gloom  
 The victims of your savage code,  
 To the free sun and air of God !  
 No longer dare as crime to brand  
 The chastening of th' Almighty's hand !



## STANZAS.

‘Art thou beautiful?—Live then in accordance with the curious make and frame of thy creation, and let the beauty of thy person teach thee to beautify thy mind with holiness, the ornament of the beloved of God.’—WM. PENN.

BIND up thy tresses, thou beautiful one,  
Of brown in the shadow and gold in the sun!  
Free should their delicate lustre be thrown  
O’er a forehead more pure than the Parian stone—  
Shaming the light of those Orient pearls  
Which bind o’er its whiteness thy soft wreathing  
curls.

Smile—for thy glance on the mirror is thrown,  
And the face of an angel is meeting thine own!  
Beautiful creature—I marvel not  
That thy cheek a lovelier tint hath caught;  
And the kindling light of thine eye hath told  
Of a dearer wealth than the miser’s gold.

Away, away—there is danger here—  
 A terrible phantom is bending near ;  
 Ghastly and sunken, his rayless eye  
 Scowls on thy loveliness scornfully—  
 With no human look—with no human breath,  
 He stands beside thee,—the haunter, **DEATH !**

Fly ! but, alas ! he will follow thee still,  
 Like a moonlight shadow, beyond thy will ;  
 In thy noon-day walk—in thy midnight sleep,  
 Close at thy hovel that phantom will keep—  
 Still on thine ear shall his whispers be—  
 Wo, that such phantom should follow thee !

In the lighted hall where the dancers go,  
 Like beautiful spirits, to and fro ;  
 When thy fair arms glance in their stainless white,  
 Like ivory bathed in still moonlight ;  
 And not one star in the holy sky  
 Hath a clearer light than thine own blue eye !

Oh, then—even then—he will follow thee,  
 As the ripple follows the bark at sea ;  
 In the softened light—in the turning dance—  
 He will fix on thine his dead, cold glance—  
 The chill of his breath on thy cheek shall linger,  
 And thy warm blood shrink from his icy finger !

And yet there is hope. Embrace it now,  
 While thy soul is open as thy brow ;  
 While thy heart is fresh—while its feelings still  
 Gush clear as the unsoiled mountain rill—

And thy smiles are free as the airs of spring,  
Greeting and blessing each breathing thing.

When after cares of thy life shall come,  
When the bud shall wither before its bloom ;  
When thy soul is sick of the emptiness  
And changeful fashion of human bliss ;  
And the weary torpor of blighted feeling,  
Over thy heart as ice is stealing—

Then, when thy spirit is turned above,  
By the mild rebuke of the Christian's love ;  
When the hope of that joy in thy heart is stirr'd,  
Which eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,—  
THEN will that phantom of darkness be  
Gladness and Promise and Bliss to thee.



## THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

‘ The manner in which the Waldenses and heretics disseminate d their principles among the Catholic gentry, was by carrying with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress. Having entered the houses of the gentry, and disposed of some of their goods, they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these---inestimable jewels, which they would show, if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a bible or testament; and thereby many were deluded into heresy.’---  
*See Reiner us Saccho’s Book, A. D. 1258.*

‘ Он, lady fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and  
rare—

The richest web of the Indian loom, which Beauty’s  
self might wear ;

And those pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with  
whose radiant light they vie ;

I have brought them with me a weary way,—will my  
gentle lady buy ? ’

And the lady smiled on the worn old man through  
the dark and clustering curls,

Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his silks  
and glittering pearls ;

And she placed their price in the old man's hand,  
 and lightly turned away,—  
 But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,—‘ My  
 gentle lady, stay ! ’

‘ Oh, lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer  
 lustre flings  
 Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on  
 the lofty brow of kings—  
 A wonderful pearl of exceeding price whose virtue  
 shall not decay,  
 Whose light shall be as a spell to thee, and a blessing  
 on thy way ! ’

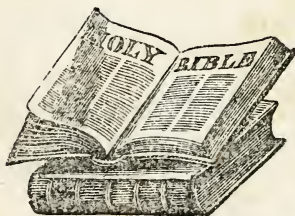
The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her  
 form of grace was seen,  
 Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks  
 waved their clasping pearls between ;  
 Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou trav-  
 eller gray and old—  
 And name the price of thy precious gem, and my  
 pages shall count thy gold.

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a  
 small and meagre book,  
 Unchased with gold or diamond gem, from his fold-  
 ing robe he took :  
 Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—may it prove as  
 such to thee !  
 Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, *for the word of*  
*God is free !*



The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he left  
 behind,  
 Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-born  
 maiden's mind,  
 And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the  
 lowliness of truth,  
 And given her human heart to God in its beautiful  
 hour of youth!

And she hath left the gray, old halls where an evil  
 faith had power,  
 The courtly knights of her father's train, and the  
 maidens of her bower ;  
 And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales, by lordly  
 feet untrod,  
 Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the  
 perfect love of God !





## NOTE.

In compliance with the urgent request of a large number of the admirers of Whittier, this volume was issued from the press, with very little time for revision, while the author was absent from Boston. By a strange oversight, the following articles were omitted. As soon as the work appeared, however, the omission was at once discovered, and they are here inserted, that the volume may not disappoint its readers.

PUBLISHER.

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THE editor of the *Western Messenger*, published in Louisville, Kentucky, December, 1836, copies the following poem, and says, 'It is so full of fire and spirit, so original, so picturesque, that it must give pleasure to every reader. The five verses beginning "Shall our New England," are equal to almost any thing in Campbell. Though no friends of abolitionism, we like good poetry on any and every subject.' "

## LINES

*Written on the passage of Mr. Pinckney's Resolutions, in the House of Representatives, and of Mr. Calhoun's 'Bill of Abominations,' in the Senate of the United States.*

Now, by our fathers' ashes! where's the spirit  
Of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone?  
Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit  
Their names alone?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quenched within us?

Stoops the proud manhood of our souls so low,  
That Mammon's lure or Party's wile can win us  
To silence now?

No—when our land to ruin's brink is verging,

In God's name, let us speak while there is time!  
Now, when the padlocks for our lips are forging,  
SILENCE IS CRIME!

What! shall we henceforth humbly ask as favors

Rights all our own? In madness shall we barter,  
For treacherous peace, the FREEDOM Nature gave us,  
God and our charter?

*Here* shall the statesman seek the free to fetter?

Here Lynch law light its horrid fires on high?  
And, in the church, their proud and skilled abettor  
Make truth a lie?—

Torture the pages of the hallowed Bible,

To sanction crime, and robbery, and blood?  
And, in Oppression's hateful service, libel  
Both man and God?

Shall our New England stand erect no longer,

But stoop in chains upon her downward way,  
Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger,  
Day after day?

Oh, no ; methinks from all her wild, green mountains :

From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie—  
From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,  
And clear, cold sky ;—

From her rough coast, and isles, which hungry Ocean

Gnaws with his surges—from the fisher's skiff,  
With white sail swaying to the billows' motion  
Round rock and cliff ;—

From the free fire-side of her unbought farmer—

From her free laborer at his loom and wheel—  
From the brown smith-shop, where, beneath the  
hammer,  
Rings the red steel ;—

From each and all, if God hath not forsaken

Our land, and left us to an evil choice,  
Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall waken  
A PEOPLE'S VOICE !

Startling and stern ! the northern winds shall bear it

Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave ;  
And buried Freedom shall awake to hear it  
Within her grave.

O, let that voice go forth ! The bondman, sighing

By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's cane,  
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom dying,  
Revive again.

Let it go forth ! The millions who are gazing  
 Sadly upon us from afar, shall smile,  
 And, unto God devout thanksgiving raising,  
 Bless us the while.

O, for your ancient freedom, pure and holy,  
 For the deliverance of a groaning earth,  
 For the wronged captive, bleeding, crushed, and  
 lowly,

Let it go forth !

Sons of the best of fathers ! will ye falter  
 With all they left ye periled and at stake ?  
 Ho ! once again on Freedom's holy altar  
 The fire awake !

Prayer-strengthened for the trial, come together,  
 Put on the harness for the moral fight,  
 And, with the blessing of your heavenly Father,  
 MAINTAIN THE RIGHT !

## APOLOGY

*To the 'chivalrous sons of the South,' for the formation of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, in C\*\*\*\*\*d, N. H.*

Most chivalrous gentlemen—pardon us, pray,

And pity our present condition—

The *lady fanatics* have carried the day,

And openly preach Abolition !

The petticoat-plotters, with might and with main,

Are tearing the bonds of the Union in twain !

We knew, to our sorrow, that over their tea,

These ladies, for months, had been brewing

A plot to dismember the Union, and free

Your slaves, to their positive ruin :

But who would have dreamed that they ever would  
dare,

In the face of New Hampshire, their purpose declare

Oh, where had the fear of the P\*\*\*\*\*t gone

From the eyes of these turbulent ladies ?

And where Parson F\*\*k's indignation and scorn

Which overwhelmed all, when he made his

Great speech at our democrat gathering, when  
Abolition was working its way with the men ?

Alack and alas ! that we live to relate  
How these Amazons gathered together,  
Consulting each other, in solemn debate,  
About loosing the slave from his tether ;  
And gravely resolving your negroes to be  
Created like all of us—*equal* and *free*.

But think not, dear sirs, that with conduct so base,  
‘The democracy’ rested in quiet—  
No—it rose in its strength to redeem from disgrace  
The town, by a regular riot !  
And, surrounding the house where the mischief went  
on,  
Plied well the ‘fanatics’ with brickbat and stone.

Through door and through window our missiles went  
in,  
Disturbing the laces and trimming—  
Oh, would that ‘our dear southern brethren’ had  
seen

How ‘democracy’ pelted the women !  
And had heard, midst the crashing of brickbats, its  
shout—  
‘Hurra for the Union !—you women, clear out !’

Yet, it grieves us to say, that in spite of our great  
And most patriotic exertion,  
These petticoat-traitors regarded our feat  
As merely a cause of diversion ;

And still they went on, without let or disaster,  
To spoil 'the relations of servant and master.'

But, though foiled in its efforts to drive away  
This bevy of gossip and beauty,  
'The democracy' feels, and rejoices to say,  
That it fully performed its duty ;  
And it trusts that its friends will with cheerfulness  
own,  
That all that it *could* do, *in safety*, was done !

We are sadly disheartened, and all in a fret—  
Parson F\*\*k is about to absquatulate,  
And B—t—n beneath the States Prison debt  
Is hiding himself from mortal eyes ;  
Even H\*\*l cannot help us—his hands are too full,  
Making C\*\*h\*\*n a 'democrat dyed in the wool.'

WHITE SLAVE, DOUGHFACE, & Co.









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